1 *Head from* Herculaneum; *whether* Jupiter Tonans, *or* Venus of Paphos, *doubted.*
2 *The Foot, with the Toes entire, of* Juno Lucina.
3 *The Hand of the* Apollo *of* Delphos.
4 *The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant* Hercules.
5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius infernalis.

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5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius infernalis.

TASTE.

A

COMEDY,

Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

By Mr. FOOTE.

Be rich in antient Braſs, *tho' not in* Gold,
And keep his Lares *tho' his* Houſe *be ſold;*
To headleſs Phœbe *his fair Bride poſtpone,*
Honour a Syrian Prince *above his* own:
Lord of an Otho, *if I vouch it true;*
Bleſt in one Niger, *till he knows of* two.

POPE's Dunciad.

LONDON:

Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden,* 1752.

[Price One Shilling.]

TASTE.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Francis Delaval, Esq;

SIR,

WHEN I consider the long Intimacy that has subsisted between us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, disinterested Friendship, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Necessity listed me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleasure I can address the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconsiderableness of the Present. I thought it worthy their Attention, and consequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend.

With

With the Aid of a Love-plot I could have ſpun out the Piece to the Extent of five Acts; but beſides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the ſingle Object of my Satire, I declare myſelf a Rebel to this univerſal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claim'd the Privilege of occaſioning every Thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus from the abject Submiſſion of our dramatic *Poets* is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* ſubjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought preſumptuous in me to have dignify'd ſo ſhort a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reaſons why it cannot be call'd a *Farce* are conſider'd, the *Critics* muſt indulge me with the Uſe of that Title; at leaſt, till they can furniſh me with a better. As the Follies and Abſurdities of Men are the ſole

Objects

Objects of *Comedy*, ſo the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this kind of Writing greatly reſtrain'd. No unnatural Aſſemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy can procure the Protection of the *Comic* Muſe; Men and Things muſt appear as they are. To *Farce* greater Liberties are permitted. I look upon *Farce* to hold the ſame Rank in the Drama, that *Burleſque* does in other Poetry. It is employ'd either in debaſing lofty Subjects, or in raiſing humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. *F—*, and a Traveſty of the *Ulyſſes*, where *Penelope* keeps an Alehouſe, *Telemachus* is a Tapſter, and the *Heroe* a recruiting Serjeant. In both theſe Inſtances you ſee Nature is reverſed; but as I flatter myſelf in the following Sheets her Steps have been trod with an indeviating Simplicity, give me Leave to hope, that

tho'

tho' I have not attain'd the *Togata*, yet I have reach'd the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Addreſs the Contents of many of our Converſations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Diſſipations the World may ſuppoſe our Days to have been conſumed, many, many Hours have been conſecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the preſent Occaſion will demonſtrate that Pleaſure has not been always my Purſuit; and unleſs I am greatly miſtaken it will ſoon be diſcover'd that, join'd to the acknowledged beſt Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of theſe Qualities in the Perſon of a Man, who has honour'd me with his Friendſhip, is the ſole Cauſe of the Trouble

you

you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demoliſhes all ſublunary Connections, ſhall reach One of us, which One will I hope be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

THE PREFACE.

I was always apprehenſive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abſtracted and ſingular for the Comprehenſion of a mix'd Aſſembly. *Juno Lucina*, *Jupiter Tonans*, *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare ſay, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor to ſpeak the Truth do I beleive they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the Houſe. But tho' I deſpair of gratifying the *Populum Tributim* of the THEATRE, yet I flatter myſelf the *Primores Populi* will find me no diſagreeable Companion in the Cloſet, *et ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis.*

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Deſign was to ſerve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the ſcore of ſome late Tranſactions, I think the Public vaſtly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE have proved ſucceſsful, is intirely oweing to the Generoſity and Humanity of the Managers of *Drury-Lane* THEATRE; they

they have given him a Benefit and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, I have more perſonal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of aſſuring him, that I ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful Remembrance of his Aſſiſtance, Aſſiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progreſs, and untimely End of this my laſt and favourite Offſpring.

The Objects of my Satire were ſuch as I thought, whether they were conſider'd in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deſerved the Notice of the *Comic* Muſe. I was determined to brand thoſe *Goths* in Science, who had proſtituted the uſeful Study of Antiquity to trifling ſuperficial Purpoſes; who had blaſted the Progreſs of the elegant Arts amongſt us, by unpardonable Frauds and abſurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by perſuading them that what only ſerves to illuſtrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleneſs real Buſineſs. How far this End has been obtain'd is now in the following Sheets more generally ſubmitted to the Public.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And ſpoken by him in the Character of an *Auctioneer.*

BEfore this Court I PETER PUFF *appear,*
A Briton *born, and bred an* Auctioneer;
Who for myſelf, and eke a hundred others,
My uſeful, honeſt, learned, bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our preſent, deſp'rate Caſe before ye.—
'Tis ſaid this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and ſuch dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes;
Should this odd Doctrine ſpread throughout the Land,
Before you buy, be ſure to underſtand,
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
When great Ones only purchaſe—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE? *It is a harmleſs Faſhion,*
And quite ſubdues each detrimental Paſſion;
The Fair ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The Virtuoſo *too, and* Connoiſſeur,
Are ever decent, delicate and pure;
The ſmalleſt Hair their looſer Thoughts might hold,
Juſt warm when Single, and when Married cold:
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
Their Venus *muſt be old, and want a Noſe!*
No am'rous Paſſion with deep Knowledge thrives;
'Tis the Complaint indeed of all our Wives!
Tis ſaid Virtû *to ſuch a Heighth is grown,*
All Artiſts are encourag'd——but our own.

Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
I never yet ſold Goods of foreign *Growth:*
Ne'er ſent Commiſſions out to Greece *or* Rome;
My beſt Antiquities are made at Home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians *near at hand,*
True Britons *all—and living in the* Strand.
I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
They furniſh out my Room from Herculaneum.
But huſh———
Should it be known that Engliſh *are employ'd,*
Our Manufacture is at once deſtroy'd;
No matter what our Countrymen deſerve,
They'll thrive as Antients, but as Moderns ſtarve—
If we ſhould fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to Arts—*they're* going, going, going;
The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
Then ſet Us *up—and knock the* POET *down.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Carmine,	*Mr.* Palmer.
Puff,	*Mr.* Yates.
Bruſh,	*Mr.* Croſs.
Novice,	*Mr.* Blakes.
Lord Dupe,	*Mr.* Shuter.
Alderman Pentweazel,	*Mr.* Taſwell.
Caleb,	*Mr.* Coſtollo.
Boy,	*Maſter* Croſs.
Lady Pentweazel,	*Mr.* Worſdale.

TASTE.

A

COMEDY.

ACT. I.

SCENE. I. *A Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, *follow'd by the* BOY.

CARMINE. LAY these Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Visitors or Messages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and insists upon Miss *Racket*'s Pictures being immediately

diately finiſh'd, and carried Home——as to his Wife and Children, he ſays, you may take your own Time.

Car. Well———

Boy. Here has been a Meſſage too, from my Lady *Pen*——I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate; ſhe deſires to know if you would be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it. [*Exit Boy.*

Was the Whole of our Profeſſion confined to the meer Buſineſs of it, the Employment would be pleaſing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the laſt Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an eaſy, genteel Method of flattering, is to ſupply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Reubens*, and the Deſign of a *Raphael*——all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the firſt Requiſites, would be uſeleſs; and with theſe not one of them is neceſſary.

Enter Boy *with the Slate.*

Carm. Let's ſee——Oh! Lady *Pentweazel*, from *Blowbladder-Street*——Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varniſh* ſhould come, I am at Home. [*Exit Boy.*

Lady *Pentweazel*! ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or laſt Paſſion old

Age

Age is ſubject To———this ſuperannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like a Neſt of unfledged Crows for Food; and with them too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her —— no matter how Coarſe; well, ſhe ſhall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Aldermen*.

Enter Boy *with* Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of *Rembrant*'s etching by *Scrape*, in *May's Buildings*, ; a paultry Affair, a poor ten Guinea Job; however, a ſmall Game—— you know the Proverb———what became of you Yeſterday?

Carm. I was detain'd by Sir *Poſitive Bubble*. How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum! four Guineas the Frame, three the Painting; then we divide juſt one hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether ſo faſt—— *Varniſh* had two Pieces for bidding againſt *Squander*, and *Bruſh* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Triſle*.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if theſe People are eternally quarter'd upon us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Bruſh*—but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Conſequence? He clandeſtinely ſold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Looſer by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the beſt condition'd Eſtate in the County of *Middleſex*. Why now there's your *Suſannah*; it could not have produced you above twenty at moſt, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the ſalutary Application of the 'ſpaltham Pot, it became a *Guido* worth a hundred and thirty Pound; beſides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there muſt be Combinations. *Varniſh* and *Bruſh* are our Jackcalls, and it is but fair they ſhould partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear; Praiſe be to Folly and Faſhion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant, and ſcurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff*; and, Mr. *Puff*, I have a ſtrange Mind to leave you to yourſelves, and then ſee what a Hand you would make of it——Sir, if I do now and then

then add ſome Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condeſcenſion to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Maſters for whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Suſannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Poſt-Painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-waſher, thou——Sirrah, have you ſo ſoon forgot the wretched State, from whence I drag'd you. The firſt Time I ſet Eyes on you, Raſcal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in ſcarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea and Chocolate on a Bawdy-Houſe Window in *Goodman's Fields*.

Carm. The Meanneſs of my Original demonſtrates the Greatneſs of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius ſoar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouſes, Dogs with Chains for Tanners-yards, Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs for Porridge Iſland.

Carm. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the ſame.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raiſe you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-Lane*; the *Gooſe* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's-Church-yard*; the firſt live Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*——you are ſo——

Puff.

Puff. Nor did I quit you then; who, Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill*; how came you to draw the *Queen* there? (*loud Knocks at the Door.*

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's Sake; Dear Sir, you are ſo warm, we ſhall be blown——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*——

Carm. Send her to the——ſhow her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you ſee I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a ſmall Time——Lady *Pentweazel* ſits for her Picture, and ſhe's——

Puff. I have ſome Buſineſs at next Door. I ſuppoſe in half an Hours Time——

Carm. I ſhall be at Leiſure. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Dear *Carmine*—— (*Exit* Puff.

Carm. Son of a Whore——Boy, ſhew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces!——very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike; Hum! Lady *Fuſſock*—— and ha! ha! ha! Lady *Glumſtead*, by all that's

that's ugly———Pray now, Mr. *Carmine*, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Ugliness, and yet preserve the Likeness.

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been severe, we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very ingenus, and very kind truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the first Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leisure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyship is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourself; even Lady *Pentweazel*'s Enemies (if such there be) must allow she is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmine*; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have still, Madam. The only Difference I shall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has distinguish'd between *Mary de Medicis* a Virgin, and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmine*, I vow you are a very judicious Person. I was always said to be like that Family. When my Piece was first done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I suppose might be one of *Mary*'s Sisters: but Things must change; to be sitting for my

Picture

Picture at this Time of Day; ha! ha!——— but my Daughter *Sukey*, you muſt know, is juſt married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping*, of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be ſaid nay; ſo it is not ſo much for the Beauty, as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeneſs, I muſt preſerve the Beauty. ———Will your Ladyſhip be ſeated. (*She ſits*)

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer, and more worſerer Side of the Face than the other——— now which will you chuſe?

Carm. The right Side, Madam—the left—now if you pleaſe the full——Your Ladyſhip's Countenance is ſo exactly proportion'd that I muſt have it all, no Feature can be ſpared.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam ———Your Face a little to the Left; nearer me———your Head more up ———Shoulders back——and Cheſt forward.

Lady. Bleſs me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps——ſhall I ſend for my Tabbys.

Carm. No, Madam, we'll ſupply that for the preſent———your Ladyſhip was juſt now mentioning a Daughter——is ſhe———your

Face

Face a little more towards me———Is ſhe the ſole Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or ——have you———

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!——why that's my youngeſt of all, except *Caleb.* I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live, born, and chriſten'd—— ſtay—don't let me lye now———One——— Two——— Three——— Four——— Five ———then I lay fallow——but the Year after I had Twins——they came in Mr. *Pentweazel's* Sheriffralty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*——in ſhort, I have had twenty as fine Babes, as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyſhip is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thouſand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not ſome Honours to reward ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if breeding amongſt *Chriſtians* was as much encouraged as amongſt Dogs and Horſes, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandiſh Locuſts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for ſome ſuch good Purpoſe is about to paſs, and that we begin now to have almoſt as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preſervation of the Game in theſe Kingdoms. ——Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes—— oh!——that Look, that, that, I muſt deſpair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a great Aunt amongſt the Beauties at *Windſor*; ſhe has a Siſter at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman——ſhe had but one Eye indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Huſbands——we were call'd the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh, Mr. *Carmine*; you need not mind theſe Heats in my Face; they always diſcharge themſelves about *Chriſtmas*—my true Carnation is not ſeen in my Countenance. That's Carnation! Here's your Fleſh and Blood! (*ſhewing her Arm.*

Carm. Delicate indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour.

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to ſpoil the beſt Hand and Arm in the World. ——Even before Marriage never idle; none of your galloping, goſſoping, *Ranelagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the preſent Age. I was always employ'd either in painting your *Lamſkips*, playing upon the *Haſpicols*, making Paſte, or ſomething or other——All our Family had a *Geno*; and then I ſung! Every Body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine Voice for Muſick.

Carm. That may be diſcern'd by your Ladyſhip's Tones in Converſation.

Lady. Tones——you are right, Mr. *Carmine*; that was Mr. *Purcel*'s Word. Miſs *Molly Griſ-*

kin,

kin, ſays he, (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm. As your Ladyſhip has preſerved every Thing elſe ſo well, I dare ſwear you have not loſt your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are ſo polite that it's impoſſible———But I have none of your new Playhouſe Songs———I can give you one that was made on myſelf by *Lawrence Luteſtring* a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady. *As I was a walk by the Side of a River,*
I met a young Damſel ſo charming and clever;
Her Voice to pleaſe it could not fail,
She ſung like any Nightingale.
Fal, de rol, hugh, hugh, &c. Bleſs me! I have ſuch a Cough! but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men———you ſing.

Carm. A Ballad or ſo, Madam; Muſick is a Siſter Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be aſhamed of our Relations, unleſs they are poor, and then you know———

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman *Pentweazel*, and Mr. *Puff*.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Desire him to walk up—— Mr. *Pentweazel*, you must know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngest Boy, at the *Bull* and *Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Doctor *Jerk* near *Doncaster*, and comes to Day by the *York* Waggon; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

When House and Land are gone and spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employ'd in so material an Article.

Lady. Nay the Cost is but small: but poor ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack a Day, they come up as fat as Pigs——Oh! here they are; odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think the Boy had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so awkward. There was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danced, lud! But come, all in good Time———Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald.

Ald. Prythee, ſweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Maſter ſays he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them faſt enough at Home.

Lady. Lack a Day! Well ſaid We now—if he does, I know who muſt teach him. Well, Child, and doſt remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon?

Lady. Doſt know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory; and what haſt learn'd, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æſop*'s *Fables*, and can ſay all *As in præſenti* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been loſt; I queſtion'd the Lad as we came along; I aſk'd him himſelf——

Lady. Well, well; ſpeak when you are ſpoke to, Mr. Alderman. How often muſt I ——Well, *Caleb*, and hadſt a good deal of Company in the Waggon up, hey, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company, Mother. There was Lord *Gorman*'s fat Cook, a Blackamoor Drumming Man, two Actor People, a recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey and I.

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb.

Caleb. Yes indeed; but the——the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and ſo fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; ſo we left ſhe behind. The next Day the Serjeant run away with the Shew-man's Wife the t'other two went after; ſo only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, he's all over the Blood of the *Griſkins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmine*, let us ſee if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack a Day; well, I profeſs they are all ſo handſome that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am ſurprized at your Want of Diſcernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Poſſeſſion of a Jewel deſtroys it's Value with the Wearer; now to me it ſeems impoſſible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmine* is generally ſucceſsful, in this Inſtance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softneſs, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel*?——

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff. That Clearneſs and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddineſs and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck,

ſet

ſet on Head, full Cheſt, taper Waſte, Plump—

Lady. Spare me, ſweet Sir——You ſee, Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them——Well, I profeſs, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Diſcernment; and if Buſineſs ſhould bring you into the City, for alas! what Pleaſure can bring a Man of your refined Taſte there!——

Puff. Oh! Maam!

Lady. I ſay, Sir, if ſuch an Accident ſhould happen, and *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms—

Puff. Oh! Maam! Maam! Maam! Maam!—

Lady. It is not impoſſible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Maam!——

Lady. Yet in ſuch a Manner as to ſhew our Senſe of them; Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyſhip's moſt——

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Maam——

Lady. Sir——Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very fineſt.

Puff. Maam.

Lady. Sir——Your moſt obedient.

Puff. Your devoted.— (*Exit.* Ald. & Wife.

Carm. Ha! ha! Well ſaid, *Puff*; what a Calamity haſt thou drawn upon the Knight? Thou haſt ſo tickled the Vanity of the Harradan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

Puff.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff*; a matrimonial Aſſiſtant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine Cure*.

Carm. No, that you muſt not expect; but unleſs I am greatly miſtaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyſhip's were addreſs'd to you with moſt perſuaſive Tenderneſs.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter ——— But to our Buſineſs. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promiſed to meet Sir *David Duſledorpe*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, and Lord *Dupe*, to examine the Pictures, and fix on thoſe for which they are to bid——but ſince, we have ſettled the *German* Plan; ſo *Varniſh* or *Bruſh* muſt attend them.

Carm Oh! by all Means purſue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoſo; it announces Taſte, Knowledge, Veracity, and in ſhort every Thing. ——But can you enough diſguiſe the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? A Diſcovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynheer Groningen* blaſts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wiſh you may have equal Succeſs in the Part of *Canto*.

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man muſt have very ſlender Abilities indeed who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment

ment that he has been Witneſs to for ten Years.

Puff. But you muſt get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis eaſy enough. Come, hand up here that there Corregio; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies; the very beſt Work of the beſt Maſter, Subject agreeable, highly finiſh'd and well preſerved; a Seat for the Ladies; hand it to Sir *Poſitive*; a going for fifty, ſpeak or it's gone for fifty; Joy to your Ladyſhip; come, the next. But remember, let your Bob be buſhy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Abſolute. Oh, but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Canaan* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackſon*'s *Teniers*; and for Buſts, *Taylor*'s Head without a Noſe, from *Herculaneum*.

Puff. Are the antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No——but they will be finiſh'd by next Week.

Puff. You muſt take Care of *Novice*'s Collection of Medals——he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm. The Coins of the firſt Emperors are now ſteeping in Copperas; and I have an Otho, a Galba, a Nero, and two Domitians reaking from the Dunghill.——The reſt we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never-failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir——a troubleſome Fellow this——confounded Memory——uſeful tho'——Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs!——muſt get rid of him——ay, but when?——Why when?—when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then—? Oh, then it does not ſignify two Pence. (*Exeunt.*

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter Puff *as* Monſieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine *as* Canto, *and* Bruſh.

CANTO.

COME, buſtle, buſtle. *Bruſh*, you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how are you in your German?

Puff. I canno ſpeak for Englandt, but I can mak underſtandt very mightily. Will that do?—

Bruſh. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchaſe Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you muſt clap Lord *Dupe's*

Dupe's Coat of Arms on that half Length of *Eraſmus*; I have ſold it him, as his great Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

Canto. It ſhall be done.——Be it my Province to eſtabliſh the Baron's Reputation as a Connoiſſeur;——*Bruſh* has ſeen you abroad at the Court of the Reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Buſineſs mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

Bruſh. Your Portraits go firſt, *Carmine*, *Novice*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus* the Jew Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the Hiſtory Pieces.——Which are moſt likely to ſtick?

Canto. Here's a Liſt.

Bruſh. Huſh, hide the Eraſmus; I hear the Company on the Stairs.

(*Exit* Carmine, *and re-enter anon.*

Enter Lord *Dupe*, *Bubble*, *Squander*, &c.

Lord. Mr. *Bruſh*, I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Anceſtor?

Bruſh. It is in my Poſſeſſion, my Lord; and I have the Honour to aſſure your Lordſhip, that the family Features are very diſcernable; and, allowing for the Difference of Dreſs, there's a ſtrong Likeneſs between you and your Predeceſſor.

Lord. Sir, you have obliged me. All theſe you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Bruſh. Undoubted; but, my Lord, you need not depend ſolely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to ſurvey, and purchaſe for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indiſputable Connoiſſeur; his bidding will be a Direction for your Lordſhip. 'Tis a thouſand Pities that any of theſe Maſters ſhould quit *England*; they were conducted hither at an immenſe Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a publick Declaration, that all Taſte, and liberal Knowledge is vaniſh'd from amongſt us?

Lord. Sir———leave the ſupport of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?—Does he ſpeak Engliſh?

Bruſh. Not fluently, but ſo as to be underſtood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*———the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taſte, and for well-timed Generoſity, the *Leo*———and the *Mecenas*—of the preſent Age, deſires to know you?

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuſe, one Preceus of this Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well bred, pretty Kind of People; but, pray Sir, what occaſions us the Honour of a Viſit from you?

Puff.

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria.*

Lord. Are there any here that deſerves your Attention?

Puff. Oh, there are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maiſter is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto,* what is the Subject;

Canto. It is, my Lord, St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorcizing the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion ſomewhere——oh! here, which is the ſame Saint in a Wilderneſs, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Bruſh. Invaluable Pictures both! and will match your Lordſhip's Corregio in the Saloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are thoſe, Mr. *Canto?*

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordſhip.

Lord. This, I preſume, might have been a Landſkip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Bruſh. An indiſputable Mark of it's Antiquity; it's very Merit; beſides, a little Varniſh will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me——the next.

Canto. That is a *Moſes* in the Bulruſhes. The blended

blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Sister in the Corner, the Diſtreſs and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, are Circumſtances happily imagined and boldly expreſs'd.

Bruſh. Lack a Day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Maſter is alive, and an Engliſhman.——

Lord. Oh, then I would not give it Houſe-Room.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece, I find ſtick up here in de Corner; I was ſee in *Hollands*, at *Loo*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with bruſh Tails, ran up de Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call——Pſhaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Bruſh. What, Goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de Name.

Lord. I ſhould think, by the Cheeſe, and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a Welch Piece, inſtead of a Dutch?

Puff. Ah, 'twas goot Piece. I wiſh to my Heart, Lord *Dupes* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Bruſh*? My dear *Bruſh*, am I too late?——

Bruſh.

Bruſh. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I loſe my Otho, or be tumbled from my Phaeton the firſt Time I jehup my Sorels, if I have not made more haſte than a young Surgeon to his firſt Labour. But, the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Bruſh*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I ſee them, and in a Feaver of Deſire till I poſſeſs them.

Bruſh. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to ſee the Buſts, Medals, and precious Reliques, of *Greece* and antient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may ſhow him ſomething of greater Antiquity.——Bring them forward.———The firſt Lot conſiſts of a Hand without an Arm, the firſt Joint of the Fore-finger gone, ſuppoſed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos*.——The ſecond, half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*. The third, the Caduceus of the *Mercurius infernalis*.——The fourth, the Calf of the left Leg of the Infant *Hercules*——— all indiſputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me ſee *Juno*'s half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little ſwelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto.

Canto. That! Pſhaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extream natural; dat is fine; the Maiſter is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules'* Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. I believe this *Hercules* was an *Iriſh* Man.

Nov. But where are your Buſts? Here, here, Gentlemen, here's a Curioſity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the viſible World; there may be ſome under Ground.

Lord. Fine indeed! Will you permit me to taſte it? It has the Reliſh. (*All taſte.*

Nov. The Reliſh! Zooks it coſt me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

Nov. So you may think; but three times the Money ſhould not purchaſe it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whoſe Buſt is it that dignifies this Coin?

Nov. The Empreſs *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might ſhe be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh, ſhe was a kind of a what d'ye call 'em———a ſort of a Queen

or

or Wife, or ſomething or other to ſomebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago——*Mummy* told me the whole Story; but before gad I've forgot it. But come, the Buſts.

Carm. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's ſee.

Carm. 'Tis not intire tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir——the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the moſt perfect Performances of modern Artiſts.——Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchſtone for your Taſte!

All. Great! great indeed!

Nov. Great? Amazing! divine! oh, let me embrace the dear diſmember'd Buſt! a little farther off. I'm raviſh'd! I'm tranſported! What an Attitude? But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike the preſent, priggiſh, prick-eard Puppies! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! ſo decent, and ſo grave, and—who the Devil do you think it is, *Bruſh?* Is it a Man, or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoiſſeurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the firſt, nor handſome enough for the laſt.

Nov. Yes, handſome enough.

All. Very handſome, handſome enough.

Canto. Not quite——therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who in a Treatiſe, dedicated to the King of the two *Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three Years before the Moſaick Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare ſwear true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my honour, 'tis a ver fine Buſt; but where is de Noſe?

Nov. The Noſe; what care I for the Noſe? Where is de Noſe? Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Six-pence for it.——How the Devil ſhould we diſtinguiſh the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?——The Noſe indeed! Why I don't ſuppoſe now, but, barring the Noſe, *Rubiliac* could cut as good a Head ev'ry whit.——*Bruſh*, who is this Man with his Noſe? The Fellow ſhould know ſomething of ſomething too; for he ſpeaks broken Engliſh.

Bruſh. It is Mynheer *Groningen*; a great Connoiſſeur in Painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man muſt know damn'd little of Statuary, that diſlikes a Buſt for want of a Noſe.

Canto. Right, Sir.——The Noſe itſelf without the Head, nay in another's Poſſeſſion, would

be

be an Eſtate.——But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horſe; and a compleat Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs miſſing; both from *Herculaneum*.——This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady *Pentweazel*, *Alderman* and *Caleb*.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blowbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court-End of the Town. This is a Quality Auction.

Ald. Where of Courſe, nothing is ſold that is unuſeful.——I am tutor'd, ſweet Honey.

Lady. *Caleb*, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir,—— (*To* Bruſh.)

Bruſh. Your Pleaſure, Maam?

Lady. I ſhould be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to ſhow the World that we in the City have Taſte?

Bruſh. 'Tis a laudable Reſolution, Maam; and, I dare ſay, Mr. *Canto* can ſupply—— Bleſs me, what's that?

(Caleb *throws down a China Diſh*.)

Lady. That Boy, I ſuppoſe! Well, if the miſchievous Brat has not broke a——and look

how he ſtands——Sirrah, Sirrah, did not I bid you not meddle——— Leave ſucking your Thumbs. What, I ſuppoſe you learnt this Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Prythee, ſweet Honey, don't be ſo paſſionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loſs is not great; come, come.

Bruſh. Mr. *Alderman* is in the right. The Affair is a Trifle; but a twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You ſhould have twenty of my Teeth as———

Canto. You mean if you had them——— Your Ladyſhip does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the pea-green Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, fourſcore Guineas for the Pair.

Lord. A fine Piece indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and ſo fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes, indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen!

Lord. Maam, I would willingly ſet you right in this Affair; you don't ſeem acquainted with theſe Kind of Things; therefore, I have the Honour

Honour to tell you that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and theſe Gentlemen are, I dare ſay, of the ſame Opinion.

All. Oh, intirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Maam, I never diſpute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taſte; he is a Foreigner, and ſo can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Madam, I love to ſerve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was ſee ſuch another Piece ſell at *Amſterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother! —— Father! Never ſtir if that Gentleman ben't the ſame that we ſee'd at the Painting Man's, that was ſo zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and ſpeaks outlandiſh. I'll be ſur enough if it en't a Maygame.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the right. My Dear, as I'm alive Mr. *Puff*, that we ſaw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever ſaw. *Caleb* is right; ſome Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff.

Puff. I wiſh it was. (*Aſide.*) I no underſtand.

Canto. So, Maſter *Puff*, you are caught. (*Aſide.*)

Lord. This is a moſt unfortunate old Lady. ——Maam, you are here under another Miſtake. This is Mynheer Baron *de*———

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, becauſe we live in the City, we can't ſee.

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can gueſs. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maiſter *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I ſee the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roaſting Pigs. (*Aſide.*) I can't ſay I ever ſaw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh.

Lord. The Fellow is an Impoſtor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how ſhould you like walking into the *Thames*?

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Raſcal complain'd but now that the Buſt wanted a Noſe; ſuppoſe we were to ſupply the Deficiency with his.

Lord. But Juſtice, Mr. *Novice*.

Canto. Great Raſcal indeed, Gentlemen! If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in

theſe

theſe Aſſemblies, adieu to all moral Honeſty. I think an Example ſhould be made of him. But, were I to adviſe, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the preſent Company.

All. Away with him———

Puff. Hands off. If I muſt ſuffer, it ſhall not be ſingly. Here is the obſequious Mr. *Bruſh*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, ſhall be the Partners of my Diſtreſs. Know then, we all are Rogues. If the taking Advantage of the Abſurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery, I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuoſi, you Connoiſſeurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publiſhing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchleſs Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here, the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mæcenas*, the *Petronius*, notwithſtanding his exquiſite Taſte, has been drawn in to purchaſe, at an immenſe Expence, a Cart-load of———Rubbiſh.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies——I have the Honour to take my Leave.

Puff. Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient——— When ſhall I ſend you your *Corregio*, your St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord.

Lord. Raſcal, (*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.——Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough; damn me if I quit you. (*Shutting the Door.*)

Puff. What, my ſprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna.*——It has the Reliſh; an indiſputable Antique; being a *Briſtol* Farthing, coin'd by a Soap-Boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Caſh, and purchaſed for two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff.* Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Briſtol* Farthing!

Puff. Moſt aſſuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged. (*going*)

Puff. Stay, ſtay, and take your Buſt, my ſweet Squire; your *Serapis.* Two Heads, they ſay, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! How gracefully they fall adown! ſo decent, and ſo——ha, ha, ha.

Nov. Confound you.

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Sixpence for it——Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I ſhall live to ſee you hang'd, you Dog. (*Exit.*

Puff. Nay but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!——Now, Madam, to your Ladyſhip I come; to whoſe Diſcernment, aided by the Sagacity of your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Diſcovery.

Ald.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuſe my Lady. I am one of the———

Puff. *Quorum*—I know it, Mr. *Alderman*; but I mean to ſerve your Worſhip by humbling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not ſtay to hear the Raſcality of the Fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct the Severity of that Frown, leſt you ſhould have more of the *Meduſa* than the *Medicis* in your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then I've quite loſt my City Acquaintance; why, I've promiſed all my Friends Tickets for my Lord *Mayor*'s Ball, through your Ladyſhip's Intereſt.

Lady. My Intereſt indeed, for ſuch a——

Puff. If *Blowbladder-Street* has any Charms ——Sir,——Maam——Not a Step———The fineſt Gentleman! ha, ha, ha.——And what can you ſay for yourſelf, you cowardly ill-looking Raſcal (*To* Canto.) Deſert your Friend at the firſt Pinch———your Ally——your Partner——No Apology, Sir.——I have done with you. From Poverty and Shame I took you; to that I reſtore you. Your Crime be your Puniſhment. (*turning to the Audience.*) Could I be as ſecure from the Cenſure of this Aſſembly, as I am ſafe from the Reſentment of *Dupe*, *Novice*, *Squander*; from the alluring Baits of

my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my false Friend, I should be happy.

'Tis from your Sentence, I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can compleat.

4 AP 54

FINIS.